

## THIRTY-FIFTH LECTURE. CRICHNA'S FAMILY AND BIRTH.

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A daughter of the king of Trigartta married Sisirâyana, and gave birth to a son, named Gârgya who, outraged by an insulting word directed at him, obtained after twelve years of penance he would father a hero similar to the god Skanda and rivaling Crichna himself. Gârgya chose for wife a young dairy maid. And this dairy maid was an Apsarâ who had taken this disguise by the trident-armed god's will. She conceived from Gârgya a son named Câlayavana who became a very powerful king. Horses with head and half of the body of a bull drove him in battle. He was brought up in the gynaeceum of a childless Yavana prince: hence his name Câla-yavana. After he succeeded the king, his adoptive father, he gathered the Kchatriyas together. The divine Nârada informed the Vrichnis and the Andhacas of the preparations he made for subjugating them by force of arms. Actually Câlayavana marched on Mathourâ and sent a herald to his enemies. These, coming before the wise Crichna, deliberated on the fear inspired by the Yavana. Finding they were not in a fit state to resist him and yielding to the terror brought by Siva's oracle, they resolved to retreat and to give up the beautiful town of Mathourâ to go and settle themselves at Dwâravatî in Cousasthâlî country.

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## HUNDRED-EIGHTH LECTURE. SALWA'S PROPOSAL

Vêsampâyana said;

After the departure of Vasoudéva's son, all these kings, sparkling with finery and similar to the Souras' monarch, convened a council to take a last resolution, keen as they were to set off. When these princes, shining like the sun and the moon, were assembled and seated on their thrones, Bhîchmaca, always guided in his speeches by a wise policy, contented himself with saying to them: «Princes, as you see, you must give up this bridgeroom-choice ceremony, which can bring you only misfortunes. You will forgive an old man for the impoliteness in having convened you fruitlessly»

So he said, and honouring them as usual, he took leave of all the kings of the center, east, west, and north countries. These heroes saluted him respectfully and left happily. But Djarâsandha, Sounîtha, the strong Dantavakra, Sâlwa, sovereign of Sôbha, the noble Mahâcôûrmma, other princes of noble birth, such as Cratha et Kêsica, the râdjarchi Vênoudâri, the monarch of Câsmîrâ and with them many other kings of the southern countries, wanted to have a secret debate with Bhîchmaca. He, considering affectionately these earth's rulers assembled around him, delivered to them in a soft and grave voice a speech where his caution, his kindness and his profound knowledge of the three faculties and of the six qualities were highlighted. In conclusion, he said: «Princes, as I was observing your wisdom and hearing your speeches, I took my resolution. You will be kind enough to forgive me, considering that we have always been unfortunate in our projects.» Then, pointing out his son Roukmin, he added: «My son's plans have filled me with a deep terror. The other men are but children compared with this hero Crichna, the world's lord, to whom belong honour and victory. The force of his arm is now well established on earth. Happy, thousand times happy, Devakî, who carried in her womb this Kesava, the three worlds' wonder, and who focused her gaze filled with a sweet tenderness on his face shining like the black lotus' cup, on this fortunate face revered by the immortals.»

In such a way was Bhîchmaca speaking at the kings' council. The illustrious Sâlwa answered him gravely: «King, you have quite enough criticized your son: he

conducted himself like a perfect Kchatriya whose eternal duty is to win or endure defeat and always seek after his enemy's ruin. Such is the rule imposed on mortals. After Bala and Késava, who is the warrior who would compare himself with your son ? Who would dare to compete with him for the prize of strength ? Alone on the battle field, in the middle of all those chariots confronting each others, he is able with his bent bow to knock down his enemies. Who could withstand the terrible weight of his arm as he let fall the formidable weapon of Bhṛigou's grand-son whose blows the gods themselves would be afraid to confront ? I agree that Cricna is a tremendous hero, that immortal by nature he has neither beginning nor end and that in the three worlds Siva himself would be unable to beat him. Your son thus, skilful in the science of divine treatises, shall give up fighting Késava whom he accepts as a strong god, but there is a Yavana prince who has already proved his fortune in battle and whose destiny is that he will not yield under Cricna's hand: this prince is Câlayavana. A holy Mouni, having lived for twelve years in continence and mortification, obtained as fruit of his extraordinary penance Roudra's favour. He asked this god for son who could not be killed by those heroes of Mathourâ. His wish was granted and, by Siva's special boon, a son was born to Gârgya (it was the name of this Mouni) who is precisely this Yavana prince whose destiny shelters him from the Mathourâ inhabitants' blows. By his birth, the powerful Cricna is included in this ruling of a god and Câlayavana, if he comes to Mathourâ, is sure to beat him. Examine, o princes, the idea I have just submitted to you and, if you agree, send an ambassador to the Yavana king.

The entire conclave applauded the position of Sôbha's king and showed itself willing to follow his advice. The great Djarâsandha, having witnessed their eagerness, felt deeply disturbed, and remembered Brahmâ's prophecy. He said to them:

«Formerly some princes, urged by the fear of an other prince, came to me calling for help, and the throne they were afraid of losing, thanks to my advice, is still owned by them with their servants, their armies and their war chariots. Today, these same princes want a protection other than mine and act like those unfaithful mistresses whom lust for pleasure drags into new love affairs. Alas ! Destiny is stronger than we are and nobody can master it. However, if Cricna compels me to increase my forces, is it not to confess my weakness if I beg a stranger for help ? Death is better than this humiliation, o kings, I do not need anybody's protection. Whoever may be the one who shall give me the death announced by Brahmâ, be he Cricna, Baladeva or an other one, I will be able to fight him bravely, such is my resolution, such is my warrior's duty. I am thus in no condition to negotiate this call for outsiders' arms. However, I do not wish to be an obstacle to what you consider as a beneficial measure. I will send an ambassador who will bring the kings' request to Yavana's prince. But he has to hasten: the aerial route is now open to him. Cricna can prevent us and we must expect all the time to see him coming. Let the illustrious Sôbha's prince, shining like the rays of the sun and the moon, get on his chariot whose splendour equals that of the sun, let him drive to the Yavana king's capital, let him invite this prince to join us in our struggle against Cricna and let our envoy be to him our true spokesman.» Then, addressing Sôbha's king himself: «Go, prince, and negotiate a treaty of alliance on behalf of all the kings. Obtain from the Yavana monarch his consent to come and triumph over Cricna. May our policy give us success and happiness;»

In such a way was Djarâsandha speaking to the assembled princes. Then, he took leave of Bhîchmaca and left for his capital with all his army. Meanwhile, the valiant Sâlwa, having as well saluted the kings, took off on a chariot which, as quick as the wind, carried him away through the plains of air. All the southern countries' kings, following Djarâsandha, went to their states. Bhîchmaca stayed with his son, and both, ashamed of this affair's outcome, went in their palace. They could not help being worried about Cricna. The princess Roukmini, hearing that the choice of a husband she was about to make had become, because of Cricna's arrival, a source of unhappiness to the kings, blushing amid her companions, exclaimed: «I can not stand the idea of wedding an other king. Lotus-eyed Cricna is the one I prefer, such is my heart's secret.

## HUNDRED-NINTH LECTURE. SÂLWA'S EMBASSY TO CÂLAYAVANA.

Vêsampâyana said:

And yet, this Câlâyavana we were just talking about was the most powerful king among the Yavana. By his justice he delighted his subjects; wise, skilful in the knowledge of the three faculties and having the six royal qualities, he was opposed to vice and found his pleasure in virtue; learned in the holy scriptures, pious, loving truth, he had tamed all his senses; clever in the art of fighting and siege, he was an incomparable hero surrounded by careful counsellors.

One day, he sat among his courtiers. Pious Brahmans honoured this pleasant meeting with their presence and each one of them in turn told a story whose subject was really divine. At the moment, a cool and pleasant smelling breeze refreshes the air; all of a sudden everybody looks at a point which seems to draw his attention; the king himself looked in the same direction and caught sight of a magnificent chariot, shining like the sun, carried on golden wheels, sparkling with gems, topped by a marvelous standard, pulled by horses as quick as thought, dazzling with pure gold, representing by its brightness the splendour of the sun and the moon. A Vichwacarman's admirable piece of work, this chariot was covered with tigerskins, and meant to strike terror to the enemies' soul and joy to the friends' heart. It came from the south, and soon the Yavana king makes out that the one it carries is the valiant prince of Sôbha. Immediately, beside himself with joy, he orders one of his officers to let the presents for the arghya be prepared, and the water for the footbath. He rises from his royal seat, takes the arghya's vessel and places himself at the chariot landing place. From afar, Sâlwa had seen with great pleasure the king's stepping toward him as glowing as Indra. Hope already fills his heart, he alighted from his chariot and comes eagerly, happy to find a friend. As he sees arghya's presents offered to him, he exclaims: «Stop, prince ! Before you offer me these presents, know that I am not coming only as a friend, but also as an envoy of the kings in league with the wise Djarâsandha. I do not know yet if I can accept the honours that you grant me perhaps only for my royal status.»

Câlâyavana answered: «Noble and cautious hero, as ambassador sent to me by Magadha's prince in the name of the kings, you deserve particularly to be honoured: it is in that capacity that I offer you, as is customary, the arghya, the footbath and a seat. By honouring you, I claim to honour all the kings. Take a seat on this magnificent couch.» Both these princes shake hands, exchange the customary greetings of friendship and go together to sit on the same seat. Câlâyavana adds: «The prince who send you to us is a monarch who is for the other kings what Indra is for the gods: one turns to his arm's strength at the moment of danger. What is the obstacle able to resist his efforts ? Explain: what does he want from me ? I promise to yield to his desires, whatever difficulty I may encounter.»

Sâlwa answered: «Powerful monarch, it is Magadha's king himself who addresses you through my mouth and recounts you the last battle we stood up to. You know that a formidable warrior is born, invincible until now: his name is Crichna. Knowing his wicked intentions, Djarâsandha rose up to knock him down and with a great number of princes followed by their armies and their battle chariots, came to besiege him on the big Gomanta mountain. Following the advice of Tchédi's king, he set fire to the mountain in order to destroy this Crichna and his brother Balarâma. When he saw the fire rolling toward him whirling flames, blazing as the one which is going to consume the world at the end of ages, Râma, recognizable by the palm tree adorning his standard, dashes forward from Gomanta's crest and falls down in the middle of this large army similar to a choppy sea. From a distance, with his ploughshare which he threw and drew back to him and which into our ranks slipped like a snake, he scythed men, horses, chariots, elephants; with his club, he felled those near, knocking down elephant over elephant, chariot over driver, horse over rider, footsoldier over footsoldier. In this crowd of kings shining like suns, he appeared here and there like the burning summer sun. Following closely his brother, Crichna armed with his tchacra as sparkling as the day star and with his iron club,

a terrible tool of death, made the weakened mountain shake under his steps: the Yâdava hero falls on his enemies' army like the aerolite launched by a cloud which, impelled by the storm, penetrates the earth whose furrows he burns. In such a way Djanârdana comes down from the top of the burning mountain. With his tchakra, he deals death in the distance, with his club he gives it nearby; and under his blows, men, elephant horses are reduced to dust. All this army, commanded by so many illustrious princes, is swept away by the wind of these two men's wrath or burned down by the ploughshare's and the tchakra's flames: in one moment, this mass of men, elephants, chariots, horses, footsoldiers, where thousand standards were shining, is wiped out by just two warriors.

Seeing his army in full flight and trembling before the fires lit by the tchakra, Djarâsandha himself moves forward to fight, surrounded by a countless mass of chariots. Crichna's brother, a vigorous and formidable hero, comes toward him, brandishing his club and swinging his dreadful ploughshare. Like a furious lion, endowed with a strength able to destroy twelve armies, he throws the ploughshare Sônanda, he flung his club which falls on Djarâsandha with the fury of lightning. Seeing his warlike attitude before the enemy, one could imagine it was Cârtikéya fighting Crôntcha. He cast long looks at his enemy as if he wanted to burn him with his eyes. What mortal, if not giving up life, could dare to fight Baladeva after having seen his tremendous appearance ? Raising his club which looks like Câla's sceptre, and jealous of his race's honour, he was about to hit Djarâsandha, when a voice coming from within a cloud was heard: it was the lord of the world, Brahmâ himself, invisible, who spoke to Râma: «It is not to your arm's strength that this hero should succumb, another one will have this credit. Suspend your blows, o ploughshare-bearer !» With these words, Djarâsandha stops and remains thoughtful: Brahmâ's oracle seems to have deprived him of every movement.

Prince, here is now the plan the kings have asked me to convey, and for the fulfilment of which they rely on you. They know that the great Mouni Gârgya submitted himself to a rigorous penance during twelve years. Lying on a iron spiked ground, he has reached such a degree of perfection that he saw his steps worshiped by the gods and the Asouras and could confidently express a wish from his mouth: he asked for a son whose destiny would be that he would not succumb to the blows of Mathourâ's heroes, and obtained it from Siva. This son is yourself; and by the virtue of the holy Mouni's mortifications, and by the effect of the grace of the god who bears the moon on his forehead, you will defeat Djanârdana who will disappear before you as the snow melts away under the sun's rays. Summoned by the kings' confidence, o prince, stand up, come and triumph over Késava. Enter Mathourâ's territory, immolate Crichna and immortalize your name. This Vasoudéva's son like his brother Baladéva is from Mathourâ and therefore included in the prophecy that sentences their fellow-citizens. Go, victory is waiting for you in this town. Such is the proposal the great Djarâsandha has asked me to convey, in the kings' interest. Prince, examine it together with your councillors and adopt the decision your wisdom suggests.

## **HUNDRED-TENTH LECTURE. CÂLAYAVANA'S DEPARTURE.**

Vêsampâyana said:

So spoke Sâlwa in the name of the kings. The Yavana monarch answered him eagerly: «I am pleased with the confidence you show me: I consider this proposition as a favour, and my life will not be fruitless since kings are calling me to stop Crichna. It was said that he is a hero, whom nobody in the three worlds could fell, neither among the gods, nor among the Asouras. However, if this privilege is in store for me, I want to share its fruit with the generous princes who called me. Their voice is like a dewdrop that will beget victory for me. Yes, I shall carry out their intentions: the loser's lot in such a noble cause would be quite as glorious as the winner's. The lunar day and the constellation, the hour and the half day, are favourable for us. O king, I leave for Mathourâ, I am going to defeat Késava.»

After having told these words to the valiant Sôbha's prince, he gave him the usual presents made of fineries and gems. He gave also to the Brahmans and to his House-priest magnificent gifts, begging them to bring on his arms heaven's benediction. He offered a sacrifice to the fire and, having taken all measures that could contribute to his success, he left, hoping to triumph over Djanârdana. O Bharata's son, Sâlwa, happy to have succeeded in the negotiation, embraced the Yavana king and went back to his capital.

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## HUNDRED-THIRTEENTH LECTURE. CÂLAYAVANA'S DEATH.

Djanaméjaya said:

Holy Brahman, I would like more details on this episode of the story of the wise and valiant leader of the Yadavas. How could Vasoudéva's son, the vanquisher of Madhou, made up his mind to leave Mathourâ, this Madhyadésa's capital (central country) that could be taken for the very abode of Lakshmî, the most beautiful, the most illustrious, the most opulent town, as rich in treasures as in virtue ? How did Crichna, endowed with so much strength, abandon this town without fighting ? What was the result of this Câlayavana's attack on Crichna ? Having put the Yavanas under cover at Dwâravatî, what did the intrepid and wise Djanârdana ? Where came Câlayavana's strength from ? Who brought into the world this hero whose efforts Crichna could not endure and before whom he retreated.

Vêsanpâyana answered:

The Vrichnis' and Andhacas' gourou, Gârgya, has wanted to remain in the Brahmatchârin condition and he did not take a wife. His pious continence provoked Syâla's malicious comment:, and he dared to accuse him of sexual impotence. Outraged at this insulting reproach in Mathourâ's face, Gârgya hoped for a son invincible in fighting. He gave himself over to horrible penance, continuously lying on a iron spiked ground. This penance lasted twelve years and found favour with the trident armed god. Roudra promised he would begot a son powerful on the battle field and victorious over the Vrichnis and the Andhacas. The Yavanas' king heard what kind of a son the god's oracle announced to Gârgya. He had no son himself, and wanted to get one. He could win over the holy Brahman with his consideration and attract him to his states. He settled him in a pasture land, among dairymaids. An Apsarâ, Yavana king 's wife, came in this land, disguised as a dairymaid. She made herself loved by Gârgya and conceived by him a son, this Câlayavana, powerful hero, born by Siva's protection. This child was brought up in the gynaeceum of the prince who died without issue and left him the kingdom. Told by Nârada of the triumphs over the Vrichnis and the Andhacas that his destiny foretold, Câlayavana, having a fierce and warlike nature, had assembled around him the most eminent men. The same Nârada had also warned Crichna who saw with concern the Yavana adopted son grow.

Finally, Câlayavana was in the prime of life and power, and was about to fulfil his destiny. Mlétchtchas kings crowded around him. Sacas, Touchâras, Daradas, Pâradas, Tanganas, Khasas, Pahlavas and other Barbarians dwelling in glacial mountains massed together under his banner. Surrounded by these hordes eager for pillage and distinguishing between themselves by arms and clothes, the king marched on Mathourâ; like a cloud of voracious locusts his troops spread throughout the country. The countless mass of elephants, horses, donkeys, camels makes the earth shake; the dust they whip up covers the sun's course. From urine and excrement of all these animals and particularly of the horses, a river is formed called Aswasacrit.

The leader of the Vrichnis and Andhacas, when he heard the march of this army, assembles his relatives and allies: «Here is, says Crichna, a dreadful enemy who has risen against Vrichnis and Andhacas. Siva has given him a boon: he can not fall under our blows. It is useless to try on him the customary means such as conciliation and others. Drunk with pride and full of trust in his strength, he wants nothing but to fight. The moment predicted by Nârada has come. Probably it would have been suitable to attempt first a negotiation, but Djarâsandha persists in his feeling of hatred for us: the kings, some of them burnt by the tchakra, the others wanting to avenge Cansa's death, came and joined Djarâsandha, conspiring to bring about our ruin. We have lost many of us in battle, we have nothing left to hope remaining in this town.»

Then Crichna planned this retreat of which we have already seen the result. But he sent before an envoy to Câlayavana, carrying an urn closed with his seal in which he had shut a big black snake, dreadful, venomous and similar in colour to the brows' dyeing liniment. Govinda intended to frighten Câlayavana by this symbolic message. The envoy opens the urn, shows the black snake and says: «Here is Crichna.» Câlayavana, to indicate what little case he made of the Yâdava' threat, takes the urn, fills it with ants which devour completely the snake. He puts his own seal on this urn and returns it to Crichna, to announce in this way the fate his countless warriors reserves for him. Vasoudéva's son, seeing he could do nothing against Câlayavana, left swiftly Mathourâ and retreated to Dwâravatî. But within him resentment brewed: after he had settled the Vrichnis in the refuge he had prepared for them, this hero, the vanquisher of Madhou, this warrior who was never deceived by his arm's strength, dares to show himself at Mathourâ. Seeing him, Câlayavana beside himself with rage dashes forward to seize him, but Crichna has already disappeared. The Yavana king set off in pursuit, and grows tired looking in vain for an enemy who seems to defy him.

The glorious prince Moutchoucounda, Mândhâtri's son, had formerly rescued the gods in one of their wars against the Asouras. He obtained as a reward the privilege of sleeping peacefully and burning by his glare inflamed with anger whoever would wake him up. Such was his wish, that Indra and the gods promised to grant. Relying on their word, this ancient king withdrew to the mountains and got in a cavern to give himself over to rest. That is the way he slept until Crichna's time, to whom Nârada had disclosed Moutchoucounda's story and the marvelous boon he had received from the gods. Still chased by the Mlétchthha king, Vasoudéva's son enters Moutchoucounda's cavern, and stands behind the Râdjarchi's head, carefully sheltered from his glance. The Yavana arrives after him, sees the sleeping prince whose slumber was like death's and thinking it was Crichna, pushes him aside with his foot. Foolhardy ! Like the locust coming near the hearth's ashes, he is heading for a fall. Moutchoucounda awoken by the kick is outraged by his sleep being broken and takes offence at such a brutality. He remembers Indra's promise and casts a glance before him. The unfortunate Câlayavana whom this incensed gaze hits is consumed straight away by the fire of his wrath, like a withered tree by lightning.

Vasoudeva's son, freed from his enemy, spoke to this prince whose sleep had lasted so long: «King, he said, you are definitely the one whose miraculous sleep Nârada told me about. You have just been very helpful to me, thanks be given to you.» By seeing Crichna, Moutchoucounda judged a great interval of time had taken place since he had fallen asleep. He said to Govinda: «Who are you ? What reason brings you here ? How long has my sleep lasted ? If you know that, answer me.»

Crichna answered:

A king of the lunar line, Yayâti, Nahoucha's son, had five sons whose eldest was Yadou. Vasoudéva was born in Yadou's family, I am his son. O king, you fell asleep in the age of Treta, as Nârada told me: we are now in the age of Cali. What do you demand of me ? By the effect of the boon the gods granted you, you have just burned my enemy whom I would have fought in vain for hundred years.

After these words of Crichna, Moutchoucounda went out of his cavern, led by his young companion. He saw to his surprise that the earth was covered with men whose size had shrunk and whose patience, courage and vigour were weakened. Then, leaving

this new friend he had just made, he withdrew with no regrets to Himâlaya. There, devoting to the austerities of penance, he freed himself from the body's chains and went up to the heaven won by his deeds. As for Vasoudéva's son, always driven by love of duty, after he had destroyed his enemy by caution and ruse, he came and attacked his army. Deprived of their general, these troops were easily defeated and Crichna got hold of huge quantities of chariots, elephants, horses, standards, arms of every kind. Djanârdana came back triumphantly to Dwâravatî, presented the king Ougraséna with all these spoils and adorned the town with all this wealth he had conquered.